

CONTACTS

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BOTH FAKES

WHY is it, in any period of stress, that the dismal croaker who wails that times are actually even worse than they seem, is always sure of a sympathetic hearing—whereas the genial imbecile who tries to persuade us that times are really booming, with “prosperity just ‘round the corner,” can be sure of nothing more deferential than a prolonged raspberry, and often finds himself in line for a broken nose?

The Prosperity Shouter is an impostor, of course, and his mouthings can be definitely irritating. But the Crepe Hanger’s credentials are invariably no less spurious, and his line of conversation quite definitely demoralizing. And it seems hardly fair that it should always be the Pollyanna who collects the Bronx cheer, and always the Weeper who is listened to with kindly attention.

The truth of the matter is that we of this day and age have a man’s-sized job of work to get through, and have no time to listen to either of these fake promoters. Both should be given the gate with strict impartiality. Then let us appraise for ourselves our own situation in the present scheme of things. Let us do so without any rose-tinted illusions—but equally without imaginary black fears. Let us figure out for ourselves exactly what sort of battle we have on our hands. And then let us fight that battle, neither puffed up by fools nor dismayed by cowards.

—M.S.



'CROSS

SECTIONS

International Note

Foreign trade, it appears, continues satisfactorily brisk. Accounts of our latest venture into such distant fields come from 245, the Stove Department, who are doing no little smirking these days over the achievement of having recently shipped some of their merchandise to Italy. The customer who made the purchase is an elderly gentleman who has resided in this country for some years, making such good use of his time that he is now returning to his Fatherland to enjoy the fruits of his toil. He is, however, anxious to take with him as many good Canadian comforts as he can, to cheer his declining years and excite the admiration of the countryside. And thus it happens that an Eatonia "Climax" range, complete with all necessary pipes and gadgets, goes forward to D. Macri fu Francisco, P.O. S. Giorgio Margeto, Prov. di Reggio Calabria, Messina, Sicilia—carrying the proud banner of "Good Value and Reliability" to still another distant corner of the globe.

Mr. Gordon Hawley, of 245, won't mind you mentioning this to him, in the least.

"Pillows, \$33.00"

Experience as an Ad. Writer, interviewing the various departments round the Store, has convinced us that there is no individual in the organization more enthusiastic about his own particular merchandise, than Mr. Stan

Robertson, of the Bedding Section. Mr. Robertson walks in the profound conviction that every item he presents to the public is just about the finest piece of work in its class, and we sometimes suspect that he is secretly bewildered that he should ever be able to keep anything on his floor for any time at all—so genuinely convinced is he of the superlative value that his beds and springs and mattresses and pillows represent.

Consequently, as a general rule, no sale he makes, however large or unexpected, ever surprises Mr. Robertson. The bigger they are and the faster they come, the closer they approximate the even, normal, just-as-it-should-be course of events.

We were considerably intrigued, therefore, when Mr. Robertson mentioned that a few days ago he had made a sale that *did* surprise him. Here, we decided, must be news with a vengeance, and we finally got the story from him.

It's a story with a profound lesson in it for every sales person, too.

It appears that towards the end of a recent day, Mr. Robertson's attention was directed to three individuals who had just entered his department and were examining some pillows. The party consisted of two men and a woman, and the point to be remembered is that all three of them bore convincing evidence in their clothing and general appearance that they most certainly did *not* belong to the leisured or moneyed class of the community.

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And they were natives of some European country, speaking only broken, halting English.

As Mr. Robertson approached, the woman requested to be shown "something better" than the pillows at which they were looking.

The "next above" in order of quality still seemed not to satisfy her, and then Mr. Robertson pulled his masterstroke—but even Mr. Robertson admits he had virtually no hope of it working.

"Well, if you want a real pair of pillows—something that will last you a lifetime—how about these?"—and he reached for *the finest pillows he had in his stock.*

Immediately the woman's face brightened. And ten minutes later her party left the Store with two pairs of pillows—one, the pair she had been shown—costing *Twenty Dollars*, and a second pair—which she took "just for the children—not as good as the others"—for *Thirteen Dollars*. Cash was paid—and the pillows are still with the customers.

All of which only goes to show that you can't judge a book by its cover—that many a well-stuffed wallet is carried round in a suit of overalls—and that it's always worth while to show your finest, no matter what sort of a suit of clothes your customer's wearing!

"The Mouths of Babes"

We hesitate to introduce personal experiences into these classic columns, but the appended incident is so distinctly flavorful that we have decided to risk criticism and insert it, at the same time pledging future silence as of the tomb on similar subjects, for at least two issues.

The Editor's eldest unmarried son, and heir to the famous editorial collection of billiard chalk and pari-mutuel tickets, celebrated his second birthday some six months ago. As might be expected, he is highly intelligent, a fluent conversationalist and a deep thinker.

His mother, anxious that, in addition to these sterling attainments, he should also cultivate some of that rigid piety which has ever distinguished his forbears, has recently introduced the subject of religion into her conversations with him, and the child has apparently acquired at least a rudimentary notion of Celestial organization. It so develops that the other day, he invoked the name of the Deity, and seizing the opportunity to further impress previous teachings, his mother questioned him:

"And where is God, dear?"

"God," replied the young master, "is in heaven!" Then he gazed thoughtfully into space, as though not perfectly satisfied that the statement was quite complete as it stood. Finally he brightened, and spoke:

"... and," he finished triumphantly, "*Daddy is at Eaton's Store!*"

On Perfumes

While we were over at the Drug Factory, our attention was drawn to the considerable production of perfumes which the department boasted. It started us thinking about perfumes and ended with the reflection that perfume—the virtual essence of romance—must possess all the necessary intriguing features to make one swell story. So we made a few enquiries, and we're not disappointed. The Story of Perfume is a whiz.

Perfume is as old as history, its use being well recognized by the ancient Egyptians and even earlier civilizations. The first known recipe for perfume, indeed, is given in the book of Exodus, chapter xxx, verse 34: "And the Lord said unto Moses: 'Take unto thee sweet spices, stacte (myrrh) and onycha and galbanum; these sweet spices with pure frankincense; of each shall there be a like weight, and thou shalt make a perfume . . . ?'" And in an Egyptian papyrus written about 2000 B.C., there is the promise: "I will cause to be brought unto thee fine oils, and choice perfumes, and the incense of the temples whereby every god is gladdened."

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In earliest times, the significance of perfumes was largely religious, and the fact that frankincense and myrrh, both perfumes, were included with the gold that the Three Wise Men brought to the Holy Infant at Bethlehem, is an indication of the importance with which they were endowed. Persians—Arabs—Hindus—Jews—all the ancients distilled and used perfumes—so also did the Greeks and Romans, and their literature is full of references to its use. One quaint way of entertaining guests at a banquet finds description in the following lines:

He slipped four doves whose wings were
saturate
With scents, all different in kind these
doves,
Wheeling in circles round, let fall upon us
A shower of sweet perfumery, drenching,
bathing,
Both clothes and furniture and lordlings all.
I deprecate your envy when I add,
That on myself fell floods of violet odors.

In more recent times in Europe, the art of perfumery was first cultivated in Italy, and Venice became the centre for the trade. There is record of makers and sellers of perfumes in Paris as early as 1190. Its popularity so increased that the inevitable reformer made his appearance, and in 1582 we find Nicolas de Montant reproving the women of his time for using "all sorts of perfumes, cordial waters, civet, musk, ambergris and other precious aromatics to perfume their clothes and linen, and even their whole bodies." Madame de Pompadour spent 500,000 livres (about \$100,000) per year for perfumes—one sweet customer for some mediæval sales girl!

So far as modern perfume making is concerned, space can only be taken here to describe one process of extracting the essential oils from the petals of the flowers.

The process known as enfleurage, now generally employed on the flower farms in France, and by no means modern, as the Romans used a method for extracting the perfume of roses by steeping the petals in fat when making their unguents.

This operation, which is still considered the best means of obtaining the

true, delicate perfume of the flower, is carried out in the following manner:

Panels of glass, about 2 feet by 3 feet, are set in square frames about 3 inches in depth, and on the glass a layer of fat is poured about $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick. On this the flower petals or buds are strewn and allowed to remain for from 10 to 72 hours, at the end of which time the flowers are changed, the process being repeated so long as the plants continue to bloom.

For essential oils of the same plants, coarse cotton cloths are saturated with the finest olive oil and laid on a frame of wire gauze, instead of glass, and on these the flowers are laid, and allowed to remain until fresh blooms are ready. After this process has been repeated several times, the cloths are subjected to great pressure to remove the perfumed oil.

The essential oil, or attar, when dissolved, or in solution with alcohol, is called an essence, extrait, or esprits.

The blended perfumes, consisting of several oils dissolved in alcohol, like the well-known Shalimar, are known as "bouquets," and vary according to the proportion and variety of the attars employed.

(*To be continued*)

BE A BOOSTER!

Be a booster, not a knocker,
For your boss, your job, your town;
For the booster keeps things going
While the knocker tears them down.
So just boost and keep on boosting,
And you will find that all you do
Is just sure, some day or other,
To be really boosting you.

Finish every day and be done with it.
You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterdays.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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"GROUSIN'"

BY CREDO

We have inherited a quaint characteristic—quaint, but courageous—from the brave days of 1914-1918. And we are using it with appreciable benefit in the strenuous times in which we fight today.

We took it over from the old peace-time Imperial Army—adapted it to suit our peculiar needs—employed it with keenest relish throughout the Big Show—and are still practising it in only slightly modified form.

It is the happy knack of combining a grouse with a boast—a beef with a brag.

The old Imperial, grousing about his own lowly estate in the general scheme of things, was something wondrous to listen to. But to hear him, in the same breath, extol the peerless perfection of his own regiment to the disparagement of all others, was something breath-taking in the inspiration it furnished.

Grousing is a soldier's privilege. But *esprit de corps*—loyalty and pride in his own particular outfit—is even more strongly knit into him. The troops, by and large, groused mightily about everything and everybody in the neighborhood. They complained with fluent and forceful bitterness about the fit of their uniforms, the weight of their rifles, and the temperature of their tea. But they carefully stipulated in all such conversations that, in spite of such superhuman obstacles, their own regiment remained the highest in *moralé*—the best equipped—and most physically perfect unit under the British flag—the *corps d'élite* of all the allied armies.

No soldier worthy of the name considered his daily duty complete until he had called down the wrath of heaven upon the manifold injustices he en-

dured—the monstrous tasks with which he was hourly confronted—the scarcity of leisure and leave—the ignominy of a dollar-ten a day for such herculean labors. But for the outsider's benefit he would just as certainly make the welkin ring in praise of his precious umpteen-umph battalion—their gargantuan appetite for work and punishment—their immunity to fatigue and contempt for idleness—the lavish generosity of the C.E.F. pay scale in comparison to all others. And it was invariably the loudest-mouthed Barrack Lawyer of the works that was the most rabid partisan of all to bellow himself purple in support of his "lot" at an inter-battalion baseball game.

Amusing, yes—but there was something essentially splendid about that spirit. For it reduced the importance of unavoidable tribulations to a minimum and enabled faith and loyalty and courage to triumph over every obstacle. We can conscientiously congratulate ourselves on the fact that we inherited much of the useful tendency.

We, too, are feeling the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," and taking it on the chin pretty consistently in an economic way. But we take great satisfaction in knowing—and proclaiming to the wide, wide world—that we are the picked troops of the greatest outfit operating on the economic "front." In common with the rest of the world, we are finding the going a bit strenuous at times, but meanwhile, we are certainly aboard one swell band-wagon to make the journey. And it's sweet stuff to be able to brag expansively and truculently about our unparalleled excellence and achievement in any and every brand of merchandising endeavor that our listeners care to mention.

Long may we so continue! And thanks be to those grand and glorious grousers of the Western Front who taught us how to handle our economic battle as well, psychologically, as they dealt with their sterner conflict!

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YOUR ATTITUDE TOWARD YOUR CUSTOMER

BY RALPH B. PECK

(Reprinted from "Retailing")

A highly successful merchant once said to his clerks: "If you think you are more stylish than your customer, do not let her know it."

It is a psychological fact that a good way to drive a customer out of the store is for a clerk to take on superior airs when waiting on a customer. Keep in mind that you should please the customer and not expect the customer to please you.

If you think you are better than your customer and show it, the customer may not agree with you, or may feel offended and never come back.

It is your duty to serve. You cannot serve satisfactorily if you have a pronounced feeling that you are a better judge of style than your customer and let her know it by telling her exactly what she wants and what she does not want. But if your customer asks your advice in this direction, feel flattered. She recognizes your superiority and will, in all probability, accept your judgment. But to force your judgment on a customer is a reflection upon her ability to choose what will best please her.

News of styles that are recent is always interesting to customers. However, when a customer has made up her mind what she wants, to bring to her attention and delay the closing of the sale.

Every customer must be approached differently. Study your line of approach and vary it accordingly to your customer.

Heh, Heh!

She stood, hanging on to a strap in the crowded street car. The man seated nearest her, rose and offered her his seat.

She fainted.

When she came to she thanked him.
He fainted.

EFFICIENT EXECUTIVE



Len Ringrose and Florence Musgrove, chairman and secretary respectively of the newly formed Baseball Committee, snapped in an executive session that promises big things for the 1932 season.

"Kill" or "Cure"

Do you "kill" or "cure" complaining customers? Regard the customer with a grievance as an injured customer, with his recovery depending upon your treatment of him. You may handle him skilfully, tactfully and see him leave the store in a friendly mood, "cured." On the other hand, an abrupt, disinterested manner may antagonize him, may "kill" a good customer for your store. Handle all complaints carefully and judiciously.

Imposing Array of Trophies in 206 Department

The Drugs is just about the most ath-a-letic department ever—that's all there is to it! Next time you pass the Dispensary Counter glance up and feast your eyes on:

- (a) The Breen Memorial Bowling Trophy, won by the Rev. Woodward;
- (b) The Shea's Brewery Trophy, emblematic of Commercial League Bowling Championship (four druggists helped bring it here);
- (c) The McGee Cup, won by the Bloomer rink, with the Rt. Hon. Sturgeon;
- (d) The R. Y. Eaton Golf Championship, picked off by Dr. Casey Grey.

"OUT EAST," 1915

By T. H. HANCOCK, 202

Egypt—land of the Pharaohs—known to the British Tommy as the Land of the “4 esses”—“Sin, Sand, Sun and Sorrow”—here my soldiering commenced and my army education proceeded. I learned how to ride for nothing on a street car by presenting a piece of Y.M.C.A. notepaper, informing the native conductor that “Private Snowball was travelling on special duty,” also how to obtain for the same outlay a six-course dinner—but that information is too valuable to broadcast. Alexandria, or Iskanderia, as the natives know it, is the chief seaport—very busy—up to date in some things but primitive in others. This is the first thing that strikes a visitor to the East. Giant overhead cranes unload heavy merchandise, but the ships are coaled by hand—hundreds of natives, of both sexes, carrying the coal in palm-leaf baskets, all the time chanting a monotonous dirge led by the foreman, who makes sure of his bonus by the liberal use of a rope-end, or convenient lumps of coal—no distinction between the sexes.

A Rolls-Royce glides past a desert Arab mounted on a camel—a goatherd drives his goats along the pavement and milks them to order at your door, whilst a very Parisian restaurant announces “English five o’clock tea all day.” Greeks, Armenians, Turks, Frenchmen, Italians, Jews, all jostle each other amidst the turmoil of street vendors, offering everything from sherbet water to a genuine piece of Ramesses II, and the ever-recurring cry of “Baksheesh.” Oriental wealth and splendor mingles with the utmost squalor and degradation. Imagine the sweepings of a soldiers’ mess table—Irish stew, orange peel, cigarette ends, etc., being collected in a kerosene tin and greedily purchased—flies and all—by poor Egyptian women at a quarter milieme a handful—the bigger your hand the better your purchase. I thought of suggesting this idea to Eaton’s. A quarter of a milieme, by the way, is equivalent to about one-eighth of a cent.

We eventually proceeded to Cairo to be specially trained as desert troops. Desert training is pretty rotten—terrific heat, flies, extremely fine sand and thirst. Our water rations were gradually cut down until we had to manage on half a bottle a day, when we were tormented by desert mirage—glorious blue-tinted water accompanied by luscious date

palms used to dance before our eyes. Skirmish-ing practice was the order of the day with the thermometer hovering around 120 to 130 degrees.

Cairo is a wonderful city—lovely boulevards, fine stores, opera house, up to date hotels, etc., but one step off the main streets and you find the real East. Squalid mud huts, unbelievable smells; natives crazed with hashish smoking. Evil cafes where you can arrange to bump off your enemies more expeditiously, more comfortably and certainly more cheaply than in Chicago. Quotations range from a dime for a native, half a dollar for an Aussie, and a dollar for a British Tommy.

Rain is practically unknown, but it is a gardeners’ paradise—geraniums and rose bushes grown to tremendous heights and bloom all the year round. The soil is very light and is plowed with a wooden plow often harnessed to a mixed team of camel and oxen. Fourteen miles from Cairo lie the various pyramids. The Sphinx—the largest pyramid (Chaeops), being 480 feet high—quite a stiff climb. Native guides will give you a hand up for a dime but demand double fare to help you down.

Our first real excitement came in February, 1915, with the news that the Turks were actually marching on Egypt via the Suez Canal. The Ottoman Army, under the command of the Turkish general Djemal Pasha, was on its way across the desert. Turkish regulars, volunteers and men impressed into the army from Beersheba, Jerusalem and Hebron. The sufferings of these poor fellows must have been terrible—poorly equipped and very little food and water. British officers had attended to the wells—blowing them up at the risk of their lives, in some cases only a few miles ahead of the Turks. One officer had a terrible experience. He was 60 feet down a well, suspended by a rope, inserting sticks of dynamite and had lit several short fuses before giving the signal for the native helpers to haul him up. The rope broke and the natives fled. He managed to get out before the explosion, but his hair turned completely white. Our spies were behind the Turks, with the Turks immediately ahead of them.

On February 25th, 1915, under cover of darkness, they made their attack between Kantara and Ismailia with loud cries to Allah and much waving of the Red Crescent. Carrying pontoons and skins to form rafts, they again and again attempted to launch them to cross the canal. Their field artillery was silenced by our warships in Lake Timsah and the Great Bitter Lake. A few Turks did get across only to be taken prisoners.

I would like to mention a little episode of the attack of the Suez which I do not think has ever been made public. We secured the complete Turkish Army orders, one of them

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outlining a plan to upset the morale of our boys by tarring the hindquarters of several hundred camels and stampeding them across the canal by setting fire to them. As far as we could discover the first camels so treated showed some natural resentment, turned around and stampeded the unfortunate Turks.

I was lucky enough to be selected for special duty with the secret service and transferred to the Egyptian Army, having the unique distinction of being paid by three governments—the British, Sudanese and Egyptian—but not very much. My work dealt with espionage conducted in territory extending from the Suez to the Russian Caucasus, and the preparation of the secret service bulletin.

I was next transferred as military secretary to Colonel Lawrence—Lawrence of Arabia, which I shall always consider the biggest honor of my life. But of my service under this great man, I shall have to tell in some future issue.

(To be continued)

DON'T ARGUE!

How often have you felt like telling some customers what you thought of them? How often have you been stopped on the point of doing so by recollecting the fact that in EATON'S the customer is always right, that this enormous business has been built on just this policy?

We believe the following "peppy" clipping from a New York paper expresses this policy as well as anything we have seen, and, if carried out, will help to make the cash register ring more merrily.

"I want you always to remember this. Don't argue with a customer. If a customer tells you that you're wrong, you're wrong, even if you are right."

"By making a customer believe she is right, even though she is wrong, you will get the customer to thinking you are right, that the Store is right, that the merchandise is right, and then she will like to trade with you because she can impose on you when she is wrong, all because you are so agreeable."

"Reasonable imposition is the copper that buys the gold that lies in good will."

"So don't forget that the customer is right when she is wrong—always. I charge you never, in any circumstances, to argue with a customer."

—“Retailing.”

"ROYAL BARON OF BEEF"

Receiving many enquiries regarding information as to the meaning of "Baron of Beef," as served in our Grill Room and Cafeteria on recent occasions and so greatly enjoyed by our patrons, the explanation is contained in this historical write up:

The baron constitutes that portion of the ox in which the two sirloins are not cut asunder, and so the baron is a double sirloin, as the sirloins remain joined together by the end of the backbone. It was the masterpiece of all baronial feasts on high occasions, and its maintenance at the Christmas board of the present Royal family is a tradition. The baron of beef which was served at Queen Victoria's Christmas table in 1867 was from Wm. McCambie's famous champion Angus bullock of that year, Black Prince. He offered the entire animal to Her Majesty, which she declined, but she was "graciously pleased to accept the baron"—thus making it royal. For this occasion a special spit was set up in the Royal kitchen at Osborne to effect its roasting. This baron weighed 632 pounds, and consisted of "the two sirloins, the two rumps and the two aitch-bones."—W. Sandbrooke.

GOOD NEWS FROM MR. BEAL

The host of friends which Mr. Fred Beal made throughout the Store and outside, will share our pleasure in the good news which has reached us regarding his present state of health. Letters recently received, and written at Mr. Beal's own dictation, contain news of an entirely successful operation having been performed, following the recent blood transfusion which Mr. Beal had made. And Mr. Beal's nurse writes, in part: "Dr. Mattison found everything in Mr. Beal's favor . . . we are quite sure of a speedy recovery."

REFRIGERATION

*Department 248 Finds Out That The Subject
Is Something More Than Just "Cold Copy"*

Here is a story told to Notlas by "Old Man Viking" himself:

Way back in umpteen B.C., or very close to that date, Mr. Caveman used his mighty right arm to bring mother home a fresh supply of meat, whenever he was lucky enough to find it. Naturally, no good cook liked the idea of not having fresh foods to cook for dinner. But one day, a real bright member of this crew, one Kelvin Stone-axe, while sitting in a nearby cave hiding from his wife (who had not had her supplies delivered F.O.B. the townhouse)—discovered that while the temperature of the hideout was not just right for Palm Beach suits, it was making the meat he had kept for himself stay fresh longer. So he just had to tell his wife and she just had to tell the members of the Stoneage Budget Club, and at once the news spread so rapidly that the market on cold caves soared like gold mine stock.

So now the men had more time to consider their dress and how much they hated each other, 'cause they only had to hunt about one day out of three. With time on their hands they became so disagreeable that mother insisted they broaden their minds by travel, for the cave city had become too crowded—with not enough cold-storage space.

Some of them moved to Italy—changed their names by leaving off the final "ski" and set up the Roman Empire. These same fellows spent their time capturing slaves who were sent to the mountains where they would "Alp" themselves to ice and snow and



This is "Old Man Viking's Boy, Dale," who will be glad to tell you what makes the wheels go 'round.

hustle back to Rome with it before it melted. The fall of the Roman Empire was caused by the ice men of that age not showing up with their loads at the right time.

Ice men were no more dependable than they are today, and therefore many methods were devised to preserve foods or at least to doctor them so they would seem fresh. Chief among these was the use of strong spices in foods. Eventually they discovered garlic, and it really did cover up the odor—still does—but in doing so it also fixed the taste. You remember that cold you had, when everything tasted the same? Your nose does have a lot to do with your tasting.

This solved the problem of how to cover up tainted food but not the taste part of it. So—

The good Queen Isabella, who was tired of hearing "Ferd" talk about the budget and the outrageous prices the Indo-Syrian Co. Limited charged for their spices, decided to hock her jewels and give Chris Columbus a grub stake. Thus he actually set out to find a new all-water route to the Indies so that his Queen might have a cheaper supply of these desirable spices. Chris was something like a lot of other explorers, so

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when he failed on one job he made the best of it—discovered America for the Conservatives or Liberals (scratch out offending part), went back to Spain to go on a lecture tour, taking gold instead of spices.

Now all this time some up-and-coming sailors, who used two islands off the coast of France for a place to leave their families, were also in the discovering business. You can now see how important this food game was getting when Hendrik Hudson found the other end of the Hudson Bay railway while trying to get to India.

But to go on: Even with the addition of curry powder and spices, the food was not altogether appetizing.

About this time some wise man (this time, please, ladies) discovered that he could produce an artificial cave where foods could be kept fresh indefinitely. History doesn't give an accurate description of just what happened to him, but it is generally known that he was killed with kindness before they could stuff him as a museum piece.

Soon everyone wanted one of these gleaming white artificial caves, but only the very best families could afford them, because at first they were much too expensive for the common people like ourselves.

So now that you know the History of Refrigeration, let us suggest that you see these artificial caves and find out "how they work"!

—"NOTLAS."

"SIR LOIN OF BEEF"

Steak was so named because it was roasted on a stick by sticking it on a wooden peg before the fire. The loin steak, generally hailed as the "king of the block," comes from the loin of the steer or cow. The ribs and loin cuts are divided between the twelfth and thirteenth ribs. The loin is then separated from the round at the point of the hip, and the rear portion of the loin cut produces the sirloin steak.

The sirloin is popularly associated with a mythical conferring of knighthood upon it as a supreme mark of favor by King Charles II, in a merry mood at one of his court banquets, as he beheld how:

"The strong table groans
Beneath the smoking Sirloin
Stretched immense from side to side."

Disproving this, historians attribute the knighting to King James I. That during one of his royal progresses on a visit to Houghton Tower, near Blackburn in Lancashire, and struck with the size and excellence of a choice loin of beef served for his special entertainment, the King, whose passion for weak puns is historical, drew his sword and cried, "By my troth I'll knight thee, Sir Loin!"

—W. SANDBROOK

HIS BEST TOOL

(*From Great Thoughts*)

A story says that once the Devil announced that he was going out of business and would offer all tools for sale to whoever would pay the price. On the night of the sale, the tools were all attractively displayed, and a bad-looking lot they were—malice, hatred, envy, jealousy, sensuality, deceit. Each was marked with its price. Apart from the rest lay a harmless-looking, wedge-shaped tool, much worn and priced higher than any of them.

Someone asked the Devil what it was. "That's Discouragement," was the reply. "Why is it priced so high?" "Because," returned the Devil, "it is more useful to me than any of the others. I can pry open and get inside a man's consciousness with that, when I could never get near him with any of the others, and once inside, I can use him in whatever way suits me best. It is so worn because I use it with nearly everybody, as very few people yet know that it belongs to me."

Perhaps it is not necessary to add that the Devil's price for this tool was so high that there were no bidders. He is still using it.

"PILL POUNDERS"

Being a Short Note on 1206, the Drug Factory

We must confess to a moment of almost unbelieving surprise when Mr. Claude Botting, head of the Drug Factory, informed us that his busy little plant turned out upwards of 600 different items for the consumption of Winnipeg and the West—we had hitherto no idea that the output of 1206 was nearly so great. But a review of the swift activity that prevailed throughout the department—on what we were assured was not an extraordinarily busy day—soon convinced us.

Vitamol—Medrolax—Bath Salts—Talcums—Cold Creams—Perfumes—the list is endless. Drug lines are the leaders, apparently—items such as the famous Torwin lines—A.S.A. tablets and such. And Eaton's Fruit Saline—"Creola"—Beef, Iron and Wine—Cod Liver Oil—a more comprehensive list could hardly be imagined than the output record of this little known department.

We were shown the Mixing Room, where the preparations which the plant manufactures are compounded on a grand scale. Here a glorified electric egg-beater whirled and churned in a gigantic crock of Cough Mixture. There, a similar though slower moving apparatus moved in creamy mass that might have been cake-icing, but was really Cold Cream. Other machinery, active and idle, stood in various parts of the room.

And we caught a picture of the vacuum bottle filler—working with

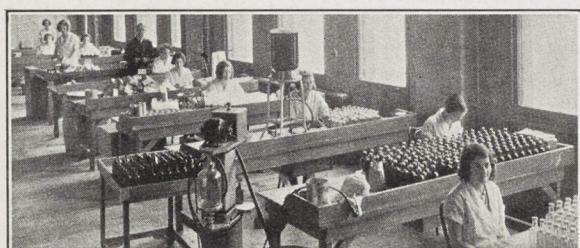


The Vacuum Bottle Filler

mechanical precision, filling bottles exactly so full—no more, no less—in a fraction of time, enabling an operator working to capacity to fill as many as 7,000 bottles a day. We caught one, too, of the long line of tables where swift-fingered girls cork and cap bottles, package other products—label containers—their quick, darting hands ceaselessly active.

Labelling is indeed a major activity of the plant, and labels one of its biggest stocks. For in many cases, one label is not all that goes on a bottle—Medrolax, as an instance, carries four different labels, and when bottles are filled by the thousands, labels must be applied by the tens of thousands.

Not the least interesting feature of the plant is the stores they carry—the endless bunks of bottles of all shapes and sizes—the corks and caps—the labels, as mentioned—the drums of olive oil and cod liver oil—and they have a very nice-looking staff of girls!



Labelling and Packaging in 1206



PLAY

Everything is all set for another banner season of the Softball! Every night during the Summer, Eaton team Sargent Park—not an evening but holds out thrills for all shows an average turnout of players on a booster night. forward since then. Pick out a team to support NOW!

The Eaton Softball League held its annual meeting and election of officers in the Employees' Club Room, Friday evening, April 8th. Mr. Foster Johnson took the chair and conducted the election. The following officers were elected for 1932: Chairman, Mr. L. Ringrose, 122 Dept. Secretary-treasurer, Miss Florence Musgrove, 100 Dept. Committee: Messrs. Clay, 143 Dept.; Cameron, 1224 Dept.; McGregor, 220 Dept.; Ferguson, 1203 Dept.

The meeting was well attended, and augurs well for another successful season, with the same number of teams as last year.

GIRLS' TEAMS

The Rogues—Last year's senior division winners have got Eddie Noa, Dept. 143, for manager, and the team will build around Jessie McCormick, Florence Musgrove, Rose Hollins, Edith Cropp, Edna Porter, and almost all of last year's players.

Spades will have Billy Evans for manager and Scotty Wood for coach. Jennie Bjerke, Nan Davidson, Pearl Parks with many others are out to capture the pennant this year.

Summerettes, with Geo. Bewick for manager, have many good players to choose from, and among them will be Bessie Taverner, Annie Hamilton, Margaret McAlpine and Mabel Mayor.

Imps will be there under new management, and are out to revenge the defeat by Orioles of last year.

Lucky Strikes have Beth Mainer as manager; Lillian Devlin and Doris Piper being two of the many eager players attached to this team. They are expecting to have Percy Stewart, of the Candies, to coach.

Orioles won their division last year, and with the three Campbell sisters, Margaret Caldwell, A. Butlin, should give a good account of themselves this season.

Other teams organizing are the Dubs, Elites, Drugs and 1201, making ten girls' teams.



BALL!

greatest single activity in the Eaton Sporting Calendar—will be found burning up the various diamonds out at one who appreciates watching fast ball. The above group was taken several years ago, and the sport has actually gone and go with it through the season. It'll be worth it!

BOYS' TEAMS

Among the boys' teams we have the *Cubs*, with Martin Young, manager. Martin had his team practicing before the snow left the ground, and he is determined to repeat last season's performance. Jack Moore, of last year's *Printers*, is organizing a team, but at time of writing has not decided the name he will call them. The personnel of both teams are made up from Mr. Wm. Poole's department, and he would like to keep the cup on his desk for another season.

The Tigers have G. Rosie as manager. Rosie should have no trouble building a winning team out of such material as Pilkey, Glendinning and Parkes.

Candies—Joe Soboden, manager. The Candies are all out for the heavy sugar this year. They have been runners-up now two years in succession, and with Percy Stewart behind the bat, Ernie Latter and Jack Woodhouse they should be well up this season.

Shoehorns have Mike Johnson of last year's Candies, and with players like Bruce McGregor, Bob Chatwin and Bob Syme as mascots they should go a long way.

Royals—Geo. Allan is again the leader of this team. He will lose a number of his last year's players to Jumbo Westman, but knowing George as well as we do, feel that he will have a team worthy of the name.

Edgerites—Leonard Parks is the manager. He is up to something, and is not divulging his line-up until he has to.

The Bats, with J. McKenzie as manager, are after the silverware this season.

The Rangers—This is a new team, and if all the rumors of its abilities are true, the other teams might as well not start. After several conferences, that experienced baseball player, Jumbo Westman, has consented to manage the team. He is having a little trouble with some of his players holding out and not wanting to sign on the dotted line unless more smokes are forthcoming. His first request to league was for three bats, three balls and two books of rules, one for himself and one for the team. We hear he has already signed Art Cann, "the Babe Ruth of the league." He expects to have Percy Nicholson as coach and Tiny Elson as mascot. Good luck, Jumbo.

* * *

At time of writing entries have not all been received nor has date of opening schedule been arranged.

This will be our sixth year of softball at Sargent Park, and with such experienced leaders we should have a bigger and better season than ever. Come out and see our girls and boys play softball.

CONTACTS

Five-Pin Bowling League

The season has now finished and the teams showed a wonderful spirit by practically all finishing the schedule.

In "A" Division, the Lucky Strikes captured first place in both series, thereby making sure of top place for this division. The Ramblers and Dubs had to roll it off for second, and as the Ramblers had the edge in the third game they took second place.

"B" Division roll-off took place on the same night, between Printers and Olympics, with the Printers winning premier honors easily. A feature of the roll-off was the wonderful bowling of Miss Breckman, of the Printers, who certainly showed splendid consistency in all three games.

The general meeting was held in the Academy rooms for the purpose of completing details of roll-offs and election of officers. Great credit must be given to Mrs. Smallwood and Norman MacDonald, Jr., for the splendid work they did in keeping the books and records. After the last game was rolled, everything was ready for completion in a few days.

We wish to express our thanks to Mr. Scrivener for his assistance throughout the season.

The following were elected for the years 1932-33:

President, Mr. W. E. Curry.

Secretary, Mr. W. R. Patton.

Asst. Secretary, Mr. Geo. Johnson.

And all captains of teams represent the executive.

The Duck Pin League got away to a good start, with ten teams making up the league. Standing of the teams are as follows:

	Won	Lost
Lucky Strikes	5	1
Olympics	5	1
Headpins	4	2
Ramblers	4	2
Printers	3	3
Troubadours	3	3
Dandies	2	4
Set Ups	1	5
Dubs	0	3
Heathers	0	3

SPLITS AND STRIKES

Duck shooting has nothing on Duck Pin Bowling, so says Frank Walsh.

Ruby Dawson wants to know why the ball does not go where she looks. Page Einstein; he is the only one who can answer that.

Did you see Evans kick the rack the other night? Sure, it was heart-breaking, but why beat up the rack?

Slim Bell put her red hat on last Tuesday night to scare the ducks down and she did—she had a good score.

Speaking of hats, did you see Kate Meharry's new one? She is afraid to take it off even when she bowls. Between ourselves, she is afraid of Norm MacDonald taking it home to his father to wear with his kilts.

Eaton Ladies' Swimming Club

Nine members of the Eaton's Girls' Swimming Club, most of whom were non-swimmers a few months ago, passed life-saving tests recently at the Y.W.C.A. tank. Great credit for the remarkable development of the Eaton Club members is due Mrs. M. Taunton, coach of the Y.W.C.A. Aquatic Club, who had charge of the group.

Particularly notable was the achievement of Hilda Tustin, who qualified for the award of merit, second highest distinction the Royal Life Saving Society can confer. Among the swimmers who passed the proficiency test and earned the bronze medallion as well were: Ellen Deason, Helen Duffield, Martha Hoipo, Flora Allen.

Judges were J. Carmichael and M. Gubbing, of the Royal Life Saving Society.

Ladies' Golf Club

Will operate on the same lines as last season. Membership tickets can be obtained at the Time Offices or from the secretary, Mrs. Smallwood, Dept. 100. Score cards can be placed by members in the box for the purpose in the Time Offices.

CONTACTS

Ladies' Riding Club

The Ladies' Riding Club is going to function again this season. They expect to have their organization meeting shortly.

Girls' Basketball

The Girls' Basketball League season's wind-up was held at the Norman Hall, Friday, April 15th. Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Scrivener and the Y.W.C.A. girls, city and district champions, were the guests of the evening.

During the evening, Mrs. Scrivener presented the B. C. Scrivener Cup to the Y.W.C.A. team, also the prizes to the league winners, the Rogues: Misses E. Porter, M. Begg, R. Hollins, E. Cropp, R. Trellor, F. Musgrove, N. Martin, P. Cole, M. Sanders, W. Porter; and the runners-up, the Summerettes: Misses Agnes McCaffrey, Anne McCaffrey, T. Wallace, L. Little, I. McKinnon, E. Corns, N. King, M. McAlpine, B. Braid, N. Doyle.

A very enjoyable evening was spent dancing to the music of Percy Stewart's orchestra, and a buffet luncheon was served at 10.30 p.m. Great credit is due to the basketball committee for the success of the evening.

Allied Printing Bowling League

The Eaton Printers won the Allied Printing League championship for the third time in four years. They won the roll-off, defeating Public Press, coming from behind, as they were almost 100 pins down in the first game. Charlie Hall was the star, averaging 190.61 for 81 games.

The following Type Eaters composed the team: J. Purdie (captain and manager), G. Grant, O. Thomas (Pep), H. Sinclair, D. J. Lawson, C. Hall.

The John Martin cup was presented to Mr. E. R. Tennant, and is back in its old place beside the desk. The Boss must have been lonely without that cup last year!

Commercial Softball

Our Commercial League Softball Team has started practising, and we expect to hear big things about them in our next edition.

Printing and Warehouse Volley Ball

The above league got away to a flying start on the 26th April. At the Annual Meeting H. Chatterson was the popular choice for President, with W. Boutillier as Vice-President. A two-man committee of J. Buchanan and Finlay Cameron, and the perennial Secretary-Treasurer, L. Waghorn, complete the Executive. A five-team league was formed. Also an International Series with four teams. Prospects are bright for a banner season. Come on, let's go!

The Girl Behind The Urn

(Dedicated by an admiring customer.)

They give you tea and coffee,

Sometimes thick and sometimes thin,
But it's no use complaining,

Unless your standing in
With the girl that wears the apron,
A-standing there quite stern,
Now you know that I'm referring
To the girl behind the urn.

There are girls behind the biscuits,

There are girls behind the pies,
And they're all dressed up so natty,

Sort of pleasing to the eyes.
But if you want your coffee
To suit you to a turn,
Then it pays to keep a-smiling
At the girl behind the urn.

They can make it taste like sawdust,

Or like water soaked in brick,
But it's not good for nervous folks—

It's sure to make them sick.
So when you join the thin, b-red line,
'Tis then you want to learn,
That it's wise to keep a-smiling
At the girl behind the urn.

They wonder if we'd miss them,

These girls that please us so;
So now I'll tell a secret—

You know that place below?—
Well, if you ever go there,
And feel hot breeze burn,
That's the time you'll miss 'em plenty,
The girls behind the urn.

—H. S. SWALLOW

THE EATON ANGLING CLUB

The Fishermen of the organization are getting all set for another season of good times, and expect their ranks to be considerably increased this year by new members anxious to share in the attractions which the Lodge holds out.

Trustees of the Lodge for the present season are:

Mr. L. E. Somers (chairman), Dept. 104.

Mr. J. O. Laing, Dept. 229.

Mr. F. G. Tease (sec'y), Dept. 112.

Mr. R. A. McCalenont, Dept. 155.

—From whom all information regarding the Club and its activities is obtainable.



Above—The Lodge.
Centre—A Typical Catch.
Below—Whitemouth Falls.

Located at beautiful Whitemouth Falls, at the junction of the White-mouth and Winnipeg Rivers, the Lodge is in the midst of an anglers' paradise—and is a perfect setting for a week-end for anyone who likes getting out into the wilds and close to nature—even if he doesn't know the difference between

a rainbow trout and a conger eel. It is only 70 miles from the city, and on the Trans-Canada Highway—wonderfully accessible.

The lodge itself is built of sturdy pine logs, and accommodates 15 to 20 visitors without crowding. It is equipped with all necessary furnishings—cook stove, utensils, dishes and cutlery. The property is fenced and boasts its own pump. Cut wood is provided for the cook stove and heater. There is a large screened verandah opening off the lodge itself. Two row-boats are at the service of anyone wishing to use them.

Fish caught in the vicinity of the lodge include: "Muskies," pickerel, northern pike, goldeyes and perch.

Membership fee, \$1.00 per year.

In addition to week ends, members may spend their vacation there—extra accommodation will be provided this season if necessary.

To Bill Seal, of Dept. 214, goes the honor of landing the heaviest fish last season, 1931. A pickerel weighing 9 lbs. 15 ozs.

Two prizes are being offered this season for the heaviest pickerel and jack-fish caught during the season.

Keys for the lodge are kept at the Time Office, and members must call for key and state number in party before going.

BEGIN IT!

"Are you in earnest? Take this very minute. What you can do, or think you can, begin it. Boldness has power, genius, magic in it. Only engage and the mind grows heated. Begin it, and the work will be completed."

—Goethe.

A TOUCH OF SENTIMENT

A blind man walks up and down the path of a park, holding a tin cup and with a sign on his breast: "I am blind." Most people do not notice him.

But one April some kind signmaker made him a new sign: "It is Springtime and I am blind."

At once, everyone noticed him and the money clinked into his cup. A little touch of sentiment made all the difference.

THE ROMANCE OF FOOD

BY KATHARINE MIDDLETON, 224

Romance in History—Romance in Industry—Romance in Life—but how many of us give a thought to Romance of Food! Artemus Ward says, "There is hardly a morsel of food but has the breath of romance in it." Exotic fruits, pungent spices, teas, coffees—hardly a food but what has a fascinating tale behind it.

Plantations all the world over—the deep, salty waters of the oceans—the fresh lake waters—the very "salt of the earth" each play their part in the yearly provision of food for human consumption.

Many foods have superstitions and strange legends attached to them. Take that democrat of edibles—the oyster. It so happened that it was introduced into England on a July 25th (St. James' Day). There was thereafter for many years, a popular superstition that those who ate oysters on that day would never want for money the rest of the year. (There will now be a corner in the oyster market.)

Apricots! In the East they are called "sun eggs." It is said that Marcus Aurelius brought this golden fruit to us. Allan Ross McDougall in his book, "The Gourmet's Almanac," gives a pretty little verse about apricots:

"When you were young
You had star flowers,
Now you are little suns
Ripe in the leaves."

How many times we have read this completely descriptive line on that luscious, soul-satisfying fruit—the strawberry: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did." Need we say more? (We could do with a dish right now.) It is said that Cardinal Wolsey was the first to try strawberries and cream. That was one of his brighter thoughts.

Have you ever heard the story of that dessert of desserts—Pie? Oh!

There is a story! The first pie ever made was made of flour and water, as a pastry dough to cover a fowl, with the long exception of the feet, which protruded gaily—and the fowl was baked in this case! At first almost any meat or fowl concoction that had a crust added to it was called a pie. By the way, the "Eating Humble Pie" expression came into being at the same time. After the hunt, the servants were given the waste and unused organs of the animal which had been served at the head table. These were called umbles and were baked as a pie. Thus "eating humble pie" came to mean a humiliation. Later fruit pies came into existence—you know—nice, juicy pies—that make you think of "and he put in his thumb and pulled out a plum!" Even Dickens has a sly little bit about pie in "Martin Chuzzlewit": "The raspberry jam coyly withdrew itself behind a lattice work of pastry." Ah! We could do with one of *those*, too.

Ice cream! Yes—even *that* dish had a beginning. George Ellwanger tells us that the Duc de Chartres was entertaining one day 'way back in 1774. His chef delighted and surprised him by the serving of a new and delicious sweet—"iced cream." However, later we read that this delectable dessert came from Italy (of all places!) in 1583, to France, and thence to England. Later it was brought to America by English colonists, where the Italians seemed to have again taken charge of it, pushing it around in little carts, proclaiming to the world in general: "Nize ice creem!"

But all these are legends of other lands. Have we none to claim as our own? Yes, indeed! Maple syrup!—that sweet water of the maple trees! Lo! and behold a little Indian maid was preparing the evening morsels for her lord and chieftain. Being occupied with other things (as housewives sometimes are), she forgot to watch the boiling pot, that had in it juice of the

CONTACTS

maple tree. As a result of the heavy boiling the water turned into syrup, making a "heaven-sent" dish. Ever since then squaws have served maple syrup to their chiefs (sometimes it seems to "sweeten" them and sometimes it doesn't, but it isn't the fault of the maple syrup).

Haggis! Every sheep has its day in Scotland. For the benefit of those unfortunates of non-Scottish origin, we'll try to describe haggis for you. But we must first admit that up to date of going to print we have yet to taste it. We are told by those who know that it's a "grand dish." Haggis is a sheep's stomach stuffed with sheep's heart and liver, mixed with oatmeal, spices, herbs and onions and then cooked for two or three hours. One of our quaint cook books says, "as the mixture is rich, it is a mistake to make them large," (Speaking confidentially, we know of some people who might be nasty and say that it is a mistake to make them at all—but *that* is not the true gourmet spirit—to them we merely say—BAAH!) Robert Burns once wrote an "Address to Haggis." May we quote just one verse or a part of it?

"Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin' race!
Aboon them a' ye tak' your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm;
Weel are ye worthy o' a grace
As lang's my arm."

Alas! Alas! No more can the "greenest spot on earth" claim the potato as its own! Historians now tell us that the original potato came from South America. Long before the conquering Spaniards arrived the South American Indians were using what they called "pappas." But since that time the potato has become a much travelled and highly cultivated aristocrat, and has weathered many a storm.

Pineapple! From that place of romance—Hawaii (the correct pronunciation of which, we overheard one day on a train by a gentleman who resides there, is something like "Hawyee"). Can't you just picture that place, when pineapple appears? Umm! Birds and bees and singing trees?

Do you know that it wasn't so very long ago that the tomato was grown because it was "pretty." At that time it was called a "love apple" (pommes d'or—"apple of gold").

We hope we've given you food for thought. Our tongue is hanging out (almost) and as we look in the mirror we see a gaunt, starved spectre staring at us. Thought waves come drifting to us—we're hungry! Happy meals—pleasant dreams—and a good digestion!

A Note on "APPROACH SHOTS"

I remember reading an article in a business paper about a year ago on "Salesmanship." Here it is, in substance:

The writer was a shopper in some large New York store, and remarked that on one of his trips around the store he happened to pause in the hat department. While he was looking around a clerk came up and asked, "Can I show you something in new hats, sir?" He went on to say that this immediately raised his sales resistance. However, another clerk who had not seen his brother clerk's ill luck, approached him with a model in his hand and said, "The new hats this year look very nice in this light grey. Feel the weight of it. Light, isn't it? And with latest snap brim. Maybe you would like to try it on." He said the clerk had guessed the size of his head to within a quarter size, and before he knew what had happened he was the proud possessor of a new hat. Later in the linens, a clerk approached him saying, "These towels are just the thing for taking to the beach for the Summer—large, strong and wonderful value at 89 cents." When he answered that, not unlike the old lady in the shoe, he had so many towels that he didn't know what to do, the clerk replied, "Well, just take a walk around, sir; you will find many other amazing bargains on this floor."

These two examples, said the shopper, seemed to him to be the best form of salesmanship, and he went on his way rejoicing. —"Jay."

LOOKING BACKWARD

**"The Strevel House Boys"**

January 1st, 1906

In our last issue we made reference to a football team, back in 1910, which we presumed caused many a fluttering of feminine hearts in those dear old days. But if this were true of the football team, then surely nothing short of a three-alarm fire can be used to compare the sensation caused by the pious brotherhood so dramatically presented above, whenever it made its appearance.

These are the boys of the Strevel House—a venerable mansion which stood at the corner of Donald and Graham Streets. In the days immediately following the opening of Eaton's in Winnipeg, the Strevel House was the residence for a number of those unattached young gentlemen who had left Toronto's cloistered calm, to wrest fame and fortune in the Western wilderness under the Eatonia standard. The desperate dozen pictured above are a representative lot of "inmates."

The photo was made on January 1st, New Year's day, 1906, and it is to be noted that over fifty per cent of the body is still in evening clothes—or such quaint creations as passed for evening clothes in those days. Oldtimers will remember all of these stout fel-

lows, and in their ranks are many faces which are familiar to all of us today.

Back row, left to right: T. French, still extremely active in the present Winnipeg picture; Sam Hewitt, now a leading member of the medical fraternity farther West; W. Herbinson, now resident in Toronto; W. K. Jamieson, now in the Toronto Store; Nelson South, head of the Mail Order Advertising Department, Winnipeg.

Front row, left to right: J. K. Cameron, Toronto Store; Bill Tomlinson, still performing in Winnipeg; Alex. Campbell; W. K. Charge, Winnipeg (to whom we are indebted for permission to reproduce the original photo now in his possession); Jack Spence, deceased; John E. Robertson, Winnipeg; and Joe Burrows, deceased.

ANNEX ACTIVITIES

Two attractions of exceptional interest were presented in the Annex during April, and no visitor to either one could fail to be impressed by the many interesting exhibits featured.

THE FOOD EXHIBITION

"The best ever!" was the general verdict of Store and public alike, and Contacts heartily subscribes to their enthusiasm. We've never seen brighter displays or more attractive exhibitions of products, and certainly we've never sensed more enthusiasm on the part of the thousands who passed through.

The palm, of course, must go to the splendid demonstration by the Harris Abattoir, who transported machinery and personnel to the Annex to stage one of the most interesting exhibitions we have ever seen. The swiftly whirly knife that shaved off the bacon at the rate of 400 slices a minute—the swift movements of the packers, laying strip on strip with almost unbelievable precision and speed, wrapping in cellophane and tossing on the moving belt—all presented a spectacle that held the big crowds fascinated for hours on end. The demonstration of our own Candy Factory attracted exceptional attention, too, as did our Tea and Coffee Booths, and the specially interesting display of Diamond & Heart Brand citrus fruits.

THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBIT

Here was one of the most enlightening—not to say inspiring—demonstrations we have seen, and the Industrial Development Board of Manitoba is to be heartily congratulated upon assembling an exhibit which so quickly and certainly caught and held the public imagination.

Industrial process of any description is always interesting, and the various demonstrations at the exhibit were no exception to the rule. The booths of the Royal Crown Soap Co.—International Laboratories—Parkhill Bedding—the Reed and Fibre Furniture Manufacturing Company—were never without their several enthralled knots of visitors.

In the matter of artistic presentation, we must hand the palm to Briddon's Limited, and the striking "moderne" set in which they presented their services drew many admiring "Oh's" and "Ah's" from the populace. The Canadian National Institute for the Blind exhibit was a marvellous demonstration of the dexterity which can be developed in those who walk in perpetual darkness. And the new Ford was always well surrounded.

All told, as we said, a matter for congratulation to the Industrial Development Board, and indeed for some self-congratulation for having drawn the attraction under our own roof!



The Harris Abattoir Demonstration at the Food Show



Back row, left to right—R. Bieber, F. Hole, Ted Dundas, Ralph Keough.

Front row, left to right—Frank Woodward, winner of the Breen Memorial Trophy; B. C. Scrivener, Hon. President the Eaton Bowling Club; J. R. Bateman, Captain; H. Artiss, President the Eaton Bowling Club.

THE EATON No. 2 TEAM

Winners of the Commercial Bowling League

The achievement of the Eaton No. 2 Team in annexing the championship of the Commercial Bowling League cannot be allowed to pass without fitting comment by this public-spirited journal. The Winnipeg Commercial League claims to be the largest bowling league in the world, and furnishes competition worthy of any foeman's steel. To finish out the gruelling season clear on top of this brilliant heap is an accomplishment about which any aggregation might be forgiven a little boasting. But the Eaton No. 2 Team stepped out and pulled off the unprecedented little stunt of taking home the silverware for two years in succession—the first time such a thing has

been accomplished in the history of the league.

In addition to this sparkling performance, the team won further distinction through the performances of individual members. Frank Woodward won the Breen Memorial Trophy, and Bateman ranked fourth in the entire league in the matter of averages, his figure for the season being something over 191. Many of the players were active throughout the Store League, and, in fact, in the recent roll-off between Pill Pounders and Drugs for the Store championship, Hole and Dundas, for Pill Pounders, found themselves rolling against Bateman and Woodward.

DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES

204—

The young ladies of 204 department held a shower in honor of Miss Annabel Palmer, a bride elect of last month, at the home of Jean Thomson. A very enjoyable evening was spent, and Miss Palmer was the recipient of many beautiful and useful presents. We wish her every happiness. * * *

"Wee" Jean McGregor, who is to be married soon, left the department on April the 16th. Jean intends to have a month's holiday before the happy event takes place, and everyone wishes her the best of happiness.

* * *

We have Mr. Neil Bergstrom back with us again from the Moose Jaw Store. Moose Jaw is apparently a pretty warm spot, Neil. Boy, oh boy, you sure burned up the road getting back! However, we are all pleased to see you again!

* * *

By a customer at the Bridge and Shower Counter in the Jewelry Section: "This is what I call a splendid idea—to have such a wonderful assortment of inexpensive gifts brought together from all parts of the Store. It means such a saving of time and so helpful in suggestions." I wonder how many in the Store actually know about this counter?

214—

CHARGE OF THE BARGAIN BRIGADE

(With apologies to Tennyson—and 214)

Half-a-yard, half-a-yard, half-a-yard onward,
Bang! Into 214 charged the 600.

Rushed for the counters here,
Charged for the clerks in there,
Looking for shirts to wear
While all the Store wondered.
Customers to right of him—customers to left
of him.

Customers in front of him—shouting and yelling.

Called over by one here,
Hauled over by two there,
Bawled out by assistants where—
Ever they're selling.
Stormed at for shirts to sell—bravely they sold
and well,
Tallies were mounting swell—sales by the hundred.

Was there a man dismayed?
Not though friend Walker said
Someone had blundered.
Their's not to reason why people such styles
should buy,
Their's but to stand and try—giving surprises.
Shirts to the right of them,
Shirts to the left of them,
Shirts piled in front of them,
All colors and sizes.
Oh, the mild charge they made—smaller than
others made—

Charge's Department made—also some profit!
Registers rang again—
Customers sang again—
No shirts came back again—
Noble 600!

220—

April 1st always finds everybody in a suspicious mood, and it is difficult to get anybody to bite at any suggestion or move out of the ordinary. A certain party in our department was handed a phone number to call and ask for Mrs. M. T. Greaves. All unsuspecting he proceeded to do so, when his call had been connected he had difficulty in making the party at the other end understand that he wished to speak to Mrs. M. T. Greaves. After much explaining he was informed that he was talking to a local cemetery. If you could have seen the look on his face, but being a good natured sort took it with a smile and we all had a good laugh.

Now that the hockey season is over for another year, we turn to baseball for our exercise. 220 has entered a team in the Store League for the past five years, never yet winning the championship but close enough to be runner-up two years ago. We all get a lot of fun and exercise out of it, and expect to have a team this year that will make them all sit up and take notice. Under our capable manager, Mike Johnson, Captain Bob Chatwin, and a member of our staff on the executive, we hope to do big things. Practising and rounding into shape is now in progress, and Mike is going to trot out a pretty snappy team on opening day. Any players desiring to try out can get in touch with Mike anyday between 8.30 a.m. and 5.30 p.m. in 220.

229E19—

Fresh from the Grill Room Bakeshop! How many times we have seen that phrase and yet how little most of us know about this important place situated on the fifth floor!

Here are received every morning a large truck load of flour, eggs, sugar, butter, baking powder and countless other ingredients to be used in the day's work. Before evening all of this material has left the bake shop but in many guises. In fact, it may develop into any one of the dozens of varieties of cakes and pastries to be seen at the Grill Room Dainty Counter, from a plain scone to a most intricately designed and decorated wedding cake.

But wait! Step inside and we will show you around. The first thing that catches our eyes is the amount of daylight, for the bakeshop boasts of no less than thirteen outside windows. Here, under the windows, immediately opposite the door, we see two large electric cake mixers. We say cake mixers but they can be put to many uses; such as, mixing bread doughs, beating sponge mixes and grinding bread crumbs. Next to catch our eye is a very small machine but nevertheless capable of much work, for this machine will take an apple of any size and shape and in the short time of about three seconds will core and peel it. And now we are next to the ovens. There are two of these and each consists of "three decks," each in reality is an oven in itself for no two "decks" are

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kept at the same temperature. One has to be careful when "firing off," for it takes only a short while to bake an oven full. However, in this respect we are fortunate for "Bill," our oven man is a native of Aberdeen, so we have very few burned cakes.

If, by any chance, you have kept your eye on the doorway, you will have noticed the cake truck leave several times for the counters on the Main and Third Floors. This goes on continually all day long, so customers are assured of fresh goods at all times.

So now, after your short visit, we hope you are enlightened to some of the mysteries of the Grill Room Bake Shop. —F. Harper.

230—

If you should chance to be in town,
Just interview T. Eaton.
A trip upstairs
For butcher wares
Of quality unbeaten.
The meat on view is of the best,
It fairly "takes the cake."
No wonder when
It's cut by men
Whose honor is at stake.
Now little Mary liked her lamb,
It makes a lovely feast.
You try it too,
We know that you
Will surely not be fleeced.
And then there's pork of every cut,
From back and side and front.
In fine array
On dish and tray
Complete (except the grunt).
We often wondered how "Sir" Loin
Became an autocrat,
But when you see
Our quality
You'll gently raise your hat.
And as for Veal, well there's appeal
In every shapely Calf.
(But on your life
Don't tell your wife
She might forget to laugh.)
A final word in these hard times
When many are forsaken.
No spending rash,
Give us your cash
And "carry home the bacon."

—O.C.T.

236—

Hello, everybody!

Station 236 on the air again, broadcasting the news of the last month for the benefit of our many listeners.

Miss Dorothy Prior, of our staff, decided that it would be more fun announcing in her own studio, so she got married on the 26th of March. Good luck, Dot, but stick to the "mike" then he can't talk back.

Lil Lofquist is back with us again, broadcasting with a new stock of thimbles, needles and ideas.

Folks, the letters poured in in answer to our problem, and with a majority of one letter, we vote that Jim has natural waves.

The postman had quite a job bringing home the bacon (rabbit) to Molly. The stamp said Toronto, is that right, Molly?

The main event for this broadcast was held at Gibson's Bowldrome, where Breckman's "Knock-em-downs" challenged Lay's "Pin-shakers," and Thornhill's "Knick-knacks" challenged Henning's "Crackerjacks," to two five-pin games. The "Pin-shakers" carried off all the honors by winning both games, while the "Knick-knacks" tied the "Crackerjacks" to one all. The high score for both games was 223 and 221 rolled by G. Lay.

Margaret has vowed never to answer the telephone on April 1st, at least not till after 12 o'clock a.m.

Lost—We are sorry to announce the loss of one perfectly good voice. Finder please return the same in good condition to Miss Dunne of this studio. No reward offered. It is so long by so wide and was last heard giving instructions for knitting, crocheting, etc.

You may see our staff in action everyday on the second floor, Donald and Graham. Have them show you their ability to help you choose a little needlework for your spare moments.

Listen in on our next broadcast.

Goodbye, everybody!

259—

Here's hoping that by the time this goes into print Miss A. Fridfinnson will be back with us again.

A delightful shower was held on Friday, February 18th, at the home of Miss G. Hedges, 1055 Ashburn Street, in honor of Miss M. Geoffrey, a former cashier of Dept. 259. A large number of friends were present and an enjoyable evening was spent by all. Miss Geoffrey was the recipient of many useful and pretty gifts presented by Georgina Brooks. The best wishes of all the members of 259 Dept. go with Miss Geoffrey in her new venture.

This is about a young lady who goes home at night and does her knitting instead of going out. She must be keeping true to Ken.

We wonder if a certain dark-haired cashier is being rushed to death by the ardent suitor who sent her roses at Easter instead of lilies.

We hear that Walter and Bubbles enjoyed the flowers at City Park on Sunday, April 17th.

—A. T. Seal.

Basement Brevities—

Springtime, Spring fever—anyway, "Little Willie" is not letting any grass grow on the path that leads to his Eileen.

And Frances, one of our cashiers, had a package of sweets given to her the other morning. Let's in on it, Frances.

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Miss Bailey, serving lady who was purchasing cap for small son: "Do you wish your little boy to wear it, Madam?" "No, he'll just put it on his head."

Jean Carstens, our "man hater," can't pull the wool over our eyes any longer. Was the Capitol good, Jean? Perhaps we had better ask the gentleman friend.

Miss Brown, the Calorie-counter, actually lost half a pound last week—due to the piece of "custard pie" she didn't eat.

MAIL ORDERS

2, 11—

OH, MIN!



An exclusive photograph secured at tremendous expense and no little inconvenience by Contacts' 2 department representative. It shows Mrs. Stacey, genial special buyer for the department, on one of her periodic perambulations between City and Mail Order.

6—

RIGHT IN THE SWIM!



Another exclusive Contacts' scoop, showing Miss Ina Hutchinson, popular 6 department employee, in a favorite costume. Ina's predilection for splashing about in tanks, lakes and other large bodies of water has recently earned her the championship of Y.W.C.A. in all matters pertaining to aquatic proficiency.

7—

A very special note of interest, which was too late for last month's Contacts, was the event of Miss Ray Patching coming into her 25th year of service with the Company, which now makes her a member of the Quarter Century Club. To be in one department that length of time, we believe, is very hard to beat, and it sure looks as if Ray is good for many more years. So good luck, Old Bean.

We very much regret the loss of one of our staff, Miss Eunice Abraham, who passed away on March 18th after a lengthy illness. Our deepest sympathy goes out to the remaining members of her family.

* * *

We wonder if it wouldn't be easy for us to guess the name of the brave damsel who vamped a dark-headed waiter at Child's not so very long ago—all for a second cup of coffee! Naughty, naughty, fair one—some one will be saying that you have "IT."

EXPENSE-IVE STUFF

168—

(Neglected—But Not Broken Hearted)

There's a place in the Store, up on the Third Floor,
Of which Contacts has never yet written.
And though modest it is, why—the Staff—
well, gee whiz—

To blow their own horns are now smitten.

*So right here and now,
We all do avow,
That by our own word
Our fame shall be heard.*

From basement to roof—now please don't get mad—

There ain't no department can beat it, bedad!
The good old D.A.—the place for your pay—
Where the smoothest of service can always be had.

Mr. Lewry, our boss, is a right good old sort,
And Walter is always so sunny;
And the girls are so nice about giving advice,
And smile sweetly when taking your money.
So here's to the best of departments, I say,
The pick of the line-up—the dear old D.A.!

—Sadye Greene.

HERE AND THERE

Possibly we're misinformed, but we heard that quite a prominent executive was recently mistaken, down in the Grill Room, for the gent who was modelling the Birkdale Ensemble! . . . Believe it or not, 272 boasts a quartette of sales girls glorying in the names of Daisy, Violet, Buttercup and Iris. (Sorry, but we've already sent this in to the Tribune Competition!). . . . What is the prescription that 206 department eats, drinks, rubs behind the ears or inhales to turn out such bowlers? Four on the Eaton No. 2 Commercial team, and Drugs and Pill Pounders roll-off for the Store Championship! Mr. Hunter should be very proud when he returns—he sailed on the 27th. . . . Stella Richardson of 238, second prize winner in Contacts' March Competition, gets a pat on the back for her recent display of scarf lengths. . . . Department 160 has registered a formal howl with Contacts regarding Dept. 100 and the deplorable crawfish act they staged after accepting 160's bowling challenge.